THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXVIII.

I AM always delighted when my correspondents, rather with a laugh, than a frown, endeavour to correct the improprieties, or reform the absurdities of the mode. In the following merry letter, from some son or daughter of Archness, the *constrained* style of dress is very fairly assailed; and the far-famed legend of the giant with his *seven league boots*, will, hereafter, yield, in interest, to the story of the little beau, who could not extricate himself from his boots, without the aid of cordage and Cuffy.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

YOU appear, to me, to have a particular animosity to our present fashions, and you vary your attacks with such skill, that it is impossible to say, which you dislike the most, the costume of the ladies, or that of the beaux. One week the men write, and then our attention is called to naked elbows, scanty gowns, and bare shoulders, according to the particular disposition of him who writes. The next week, some nymph of sarcastic wit, comes out in defence of these peculiarities, and attacks some favourite mode of your sex. I am a very obscure man, and live much alone, (*never having had courage to get me a wife*), and confess, that my principal gratification, in my retired hours, is the perusal of your excellent miscellany. As I have derived infinite amusement from the controversy of the cropped beaux and flaunting belles of the present day, I presume upon your patience a short time, although I am neither scholar nor writer, to divert your fair correspondents a little at my own expense, and to shew them that the young men are always as fond of extremes, in their style of dress, as the women.

I am, in figure, what any one would call a pretty short thick set man, of very good natured habits, and fond of my own ease, but quickly fall to cursing and swearing, and puffing and blowing, if any thing interrupt my comfort. My little carcase, alas! has gone through all the varieties of taylor's whims, which have been in vogue since the year 1773. At that time, I escaped from my apprenticeship, and began to do and to think a little for myself. My first object was to make a figure among the girls, and I bought, at once, entire new clothes, had my hair dressed *comme il faut*, and cut a great dash; I made a little money, now and then, no matter how, and was always the pink of the mode. Those fashions, which arose for fourteen years after my *coming out*, were tolerably easy borne. But, when I was thirty-five years old, as a punishment, I fear, for my great fondness for dress, the order for tight apparel arrived. Oh, Mr. Saunter, those were the golden days of merriment, when men were obliged to dance in their yellow cassimeres, and stamp and hop, for hours, to draw on a pair of boots! I thought it was all vanity, and would be a great vexation to me. However, as I was conscious that my indolent habits inclined me to great corpulency, and as I began to love a little girl, who I imagined would consent to be my wife, I determined upon having a modish suit. Therefore, one Sunday, oh, I shall never forget it in this world, when I was going to gallant my little charmer, I arose with the dawn, and, after much struggling, many high jumps, and some swearing, I was dressed by *ten* o'clock. The day passed in tolerable ease, for I forgot my pains in the smiles of my fair one. When night came, I attempted to return to my lodging, but from the violent shooting of a corn on my poor pinched toe, I was obliged to stop at a little dirty tavern, threw myself into a chair, and implored the waiter to bring me a boot-jack, but when Cuffy attempted to force the boot from my poor devoted leg, the pain was so excessive, that I screamed aloud for him to spare me. Cuffy, who was a kind soul, bore all my swearing with great good nature, and, I believe, sincerely pitied me, then tied a rope round the heel of the boot, and, in order to save my hip from being wrenched, I got down on the floor, and was absolutely dragged round and round, as though I had been tied to the cart's tail. Poor Cuffy, amidst the loudest vociferation on my part, consoled me with ‘hold still massa, now he coming, God-a-mercy how close he fits!’ till worn down with fatigue, torture, and rage, I kicked him away from me, made him leave the rope as he had fixed it, and lay me on the softest bed they had. This night brought me no repose, and, having worked myself to the highest pitch of human anger by the morning, I rung the bell, sent for a neighbouring surgeon, and, in a fit of despair, ordered him to cut off both my legs. But he, reflecting on it for a moment, saw, what I, from anger, and Cuffy, from stupidity, would never have discovered, that cutting off the boots would relieve me, if I would consent. This was accordingly executed with great care, and I, immediately from that hour, forswore modes and matrimony; believing that a desire to please my fair one, had been the cause of my folly. Tell me, Mr. Saunter, do the annals of fashionable changes afford a more ludicrous example of folly? Was a woman ever guilty of such a pinching extreme?

Yours,

A BACHELOR OF ARTS.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am pleased to hear that ‘a classical reader’ is desirous of seeing other specimens of the translation of the poem of Silius Italicus; I, therefore, cheerfully comply with the request, by selecting from the first book of the Punics an account of the battle and siege of Saguntum. I extract this passage, because it has been observed, that, in description of battles, for heat of imagination, and variety of surprising and uncommon incidents, Silius as much excels his master, Virgil, as Virgil excels him, and all mankind, in the divine majesty of his diction.

C. E.

Fir'd at the sight, his shouting army pours
A cloud of javelins on the shaded tow'rs;
Nor was the warrior's worth, in crowds, conceal'd,
Where'er the general turn'd, his eyes beheld
Each to his sight such matchless deeds display,
As on his arm alone the war's whole fortune lay;
Here one, high rising, strains, in act to fling
The massy metal from the leather sling;
Swung round his head, to give it force to fly,
He throws it forth, and hides it in the sky;

* * * * *

Before the rest, conspicuous from afar,
In glittering arms, the general leads the war;
With weapons missive fills his deathful hands,
Now fights with fires, and hurls the smould'ring brands;

* * * * *

So, fiercer to the foe each champion turns;
The rising fight with rage redoubled burns;
Vast mountain stones Phocæan shooters fling,
With hiss impetuous, from the straining string;
Or drive, with force immense, the beam-like spear,
Whose iron head not hosts combin'd can bear.
Alternate clamours from each side ascend,
So furious these attack, and those defend,
As Rome herself, within the rampart's bound,
Had stood the prize, that drew the world around.
Ye sons of Mars! the general calls aloud,
What! stand ye staring at yon taken crowd!
Cast we our cause! or want we souls to dare!
Are these the omens of my future war!
Are these the hands, that bring the Roman's fate,
And such my battles must bold fame relate!
He said; his words the list'ning hosts inspire,
Each soldier's bosom feels the leader's fire;
They seize the shaking rampart, and, though slain,
The part they held, their grasping hands still strain.
A rolling mound, progressive at his call,
Place his bold warriors on the hostile wall.
A dart, that not a thousand hands could throw,
Arms the seiz'd city, and repels the foe;
A mighty beam it was, whose ponderous spear,
Pyrene bred it, scarce a wall could bear.

* * * * *

At length the pressure of th' incumbent wall,
Sapp'd by the tortoise, treach'rous to her fall,
Wide as her dark intestine chambers reach,
Appears the city through the sudden breach,
Th' Herculean labour, with a mighty roar,
Rolling vast beams and pond'rous stones before,
Down sinks at once; the Alps receiv'd the sound,
And, bellowing, answered to the rushing mound;
Nor from those rocks are louder thunders sent,
When falling fragments from their sides are rent.
Instant the choicest of the martial bands,
The bravest leaders, and the fiercest hands,
A living rampart rose on either side;
But the rough ruins in the midst denied
A scene of action for the brave to try,
On equal terms, to conquer or to die.
First in the front the youthful Murrus shines,
Whose birth illustrious, as the brightest, joins
The Greek and Daunian blood; from Ardea came
His sire, and wedded a Saguntine dame:
He mark'd loud Aradus amidst the war,
And, as his moving armour left him bare,
With clamour striding up the steep, betwixt
The cuirass and the helm, the wound infixt;
Then pressing with his spear the prostrate
His vaunt retorting o'er the carcase said:

False, thou art fall'n; and has thy matchless might,
First scal'd the capitol's ascending height?
Vain wish! but now another journey go;
And bear thy wars to stygian Jove below.
  Iberus' groin next felt the painful wound,
And as he spurn'd him groaning on the ground,
Here lies your passage, dreaded warriors, come,
Thus I conduct you to the walls of Rome.
  He said. The foe recovering to the fray,
Furious he leap'd, and tore his shield away;
And, as defenceless to his rage he stood,
Bath'd his keen javelin in his vital blood.
  Rich in his flocks, and fields, and hid from fame,
Till now Iberus chac'd the savage game,
Blest in his forests, had he still confin'd
His flying arrows to the sylvan kind.
  To save his friend, the wounded Ladmus sped,
To whom the chief, severely smiling, said.
  Thou to Hamilcar, on the stygian strand,
Shalt bear my message; tell him this right hand
Will send, these vulgar fates dispatch'd before,
His son to cheer him on the gloomy shore.
  He said, and rising furious, as he spoke,
Dealt on the dancing crest so strong a stroke,
The crest and helmet to the stroke gave way;
Blood, brains, and battered skull, a mingled garbage lay.
  Next Chremes, horrid warrior, sunk to night;
Uncouth his figure met the wond'ring sight;
Hard on his front his gather'd tresses ty'd
But ill the helmet, or the fur bely'd;
Then Masulus; and Carthalo, green in age,
Who sooth'd the female pregnant lion's rage;
And Pagrada, with unengraven shield;
Hyempsal, waster of the wat'ry field,
Who dar'd the flood, and, with a nervous hand,
Tore the wreck'd ship from Syrtis' sucking stand:
By the same arm all these resign'd their breath,
And trod together the black path of death:
Next Atyr, by Cerastes skill'd to prove
The doubted offspring of connubial love,
Whose touch, to sleep could fell Chelydri charm,
And of their venom serpents dire disarm:
And thou, Hyarbas, though a prophet, bred
In Garamantic groves, around whose head
Upon thy helmet's brazen cheeks was bound
A bended horn, expiring on the ground;
Too late of lying oracles complain,
And Jove, who promis'd thy return in vain.
  And now commutual built of slaughtered foes,
Smoking with blood, another rampart rose;
Murrus aloud the Lybian leader calls,
And waits the combat at the ruined walls.
  The mountain boar by Spartan dogs pursu'd,
Far from the friend by covert of the wood;
Thus raising stiff his prickly bristles stands,
The noise and fury of surrounding bands;
Churns the white foam, glares fiery, growls severe,
Whets his strong tusk and braves the boldest spear.
  But where in different quarters dealing fate
A youthful bevy sallied from the gate.
  There fearless through the war the general flew,
As if no foe oppos'd, no javelin slew;
High o'er their heads his waving sword appears
In flaming circles, and the boldest fears.
Hesperian Temisus the weapon made,
Sung o'er the burning coals, and charm'd the blade;
The wizard wreening at his potent sound,
The metal keener edg'd, and tougher bound.
  So drives all furious with a fiery pace,
The god of battle thro' the fields of Thrace,
And shakes the flaming lance, that once o'erthrew
The rebel Titans, and their earth-born crew;
Soon as they hear his breathing coursers nigh,
And thund'ring axle, warring nations fly.
  Hastus and Phous who first dar'd engage,
And huge Metiscus sunk beneath his rage;
Galesus, swarthy Lygdus, Durius try'd
The same encounter, and encountering dy'd;
Chromis and Gyas felt at once the blow,
That sent them social to the shades below.
  Daunus long practis'd at the noisy bar,
Shin'd in the combats of the wordy war;
Oft on his lips the list'ning audience hung,
And own'd their senses captive to his tongue;
Great in the law, a lawyers' arms he brought
To fighting fields, and prattl'd more than fought.
  Thy father's fury dost thou then not fear
His fate, he cried, no Tyrian hamlets here,
Rais'd by a woman, and a roving band,
Bought by a trick, and measur'd on the sand;
But god-built walls, and Rome's allies you see,
That scourge the perjur'd, thy vile race and thee.
  He said; the hero snatch'd and dragg'd along,
The bawling miscreant thro' the fighting throng;
Detesting his foul speech and abject fear,
Pinion'd his arms, he spar'd the wretch his spear;
Reserv'd by more deliberate wrath to smart,
And pay the forfeit of his saucy art;
Then glowing fiery fierce he bids advance,
His men by name, and nigher toss the lance;
Furious o'er heaps of slaughter points their way,
And dooms the taken town the conqueror's prey.
  But, when 'twas messag'd, how the foe assail'd,
In different quarters, and by force prevail'd;
That to bold Murrus, now the care of Heaven,
To reap the glory of the day was given;
Mad, like a fury thro' the ranks he speeds;
Lets the storm wait, and leaves immortal deeds;
Swift as he moves, his polish'd plumage yields
A dreadful splendor o'er the ensanguin'd fields.
So the tail'd comet shakes his blazing hair,
And gazing nations sicken with despair;
From his fir'd orb, the ruddy sparkles fly;
Spout the pale streams, and kindle half the sky:
  Embattled squadrons bend beneath his might,
Both armies tremble at the flashing sight;
His spear by fits insufferably gleams,
With short quick lightnings, and his broad shield flames.
  So, when with southern guests th' Egean roars,
And heaves some thund'ring billow to the shores;
Afar they see him rise, afar they hear,
The rolling monster, and they die with fear;
The wave still mounting with the driving wind,
Swells o'er the Cyclades, to the sea behind.
  Not all the darts, a thousand hands present,
Nor massy stones from labouring engines sent;
Nor torches blazing at his face can force,
The furious hero from his destin'd course:
Soon as the helm distinguish'd thro' the field,
And armour he with blood and gold beheld,
All dreadful gay, and glittering in the sun;
First in an haughty tone he thus begun.
Lo! Murrus Rome's defender dares deny
Our troops a passage, and this arm defy.
Then know weak warrior stretch'd upon the plain,
How vain her friendship, and thy strength how vain;
The foible of thy faith I leave to thee;
Die thou, and leave thy injur'd gods to me.
  To him thus Murrus, in wish'd hour you call;
I learn to meet thy fight, and see thee fall;
Approach, and take the meed, thy crimes demand,
Thy road to Latium is the Stygian strand;
Touch'd by my spear to Rome thou'lt nimbly go;
'Scape these vast countries and the hills of snow.
  He said; and watchful, as the foe drew nigh,
A weighty stone uplifting let it fly
Full at his face; whirl'd down with forceful sway
Rolls the rough fragment cross the warriors way.
Shock'd he runs back, but shame to be compell'd,
And conscious virtue never known to yield,
To climb the ruin every nerve applies;
And straining forward up the steep he flies.
  But now when near the blazing chief appears,
And cas'd in brass, his giant stature rears;
As if all Africk's numbers had inclos'd
Murrus around, and he alone oppos'd;
His swimming eyes were dazzl'd with the view,
Still to his sight the rising monster grew,
A thousand hands, a thousand falchions spread,
And crests unnumber'd nodded o'er his head;
Loud shout both hosts, as if Saguntum fir'd
In one great blaze that instant had expir'd:
Sad Murrus boding that his hour was come,
Moves feebly forward on and meets his doom.
O great Alcides! this his last he pray'd
Whose rites we worship, generous founder aid;
If not inglorious I defend thy wall,
Avert this vengeance hence, nor see me fall.
  Thus as he prays, and lifts his mournful eyes
To Heaven for aid, Hamilcar's son replies.
  Now see, what cause Alcides favours most
The fire, I fight with; or the faith you boast:
  O thou! a matchless and immortal name,
If thou canst bear a rival in thy fame,
Now thou wilt own in fighting field appears
A champion worthy of thy greener years;
Then O thou mightiest, whose avenging hand
Pour'd the first rain on the Phyrgian land,
Aid my first conquest labouring to destroy,
The wretched relics of that hated Troy.
  He said; and buried with impetuous sway,
In Murrus' bosom his bright weapon lay.
  The blade return'd pursued by streams of gore
And spouting blood distain'd his arms all o'er.
  Swift to the rescue of his arms they fly,
His mournful friends, who saw the hero die;
Resolv'd by mutual aid to force the foe;
Around his corse a steely fence they grow.
  His helm and shield loud rattling strokes resound;
A storm of stones, slings, javelines rain around.
His dauntless head with glittering terrors gay,
Lop the high plume, and shave the crest away:
Down his large limbs distils the copious sweat,
His bending breast-plate thick with darts is set;
No rest, no stay, blows following blows allow,
Beneath the ponderous mail his shoulders bow,
His knees now sinking scarce his bulk sustain,
Short, quick, he draws his panting breath with pain;
In his dry throat a murmur deep is drown'd;
The hollow helm emits a broken sound:
Yet still untir'd by force, untam'd by blows,
His soul her harden'd heavenly temper shows:
For cruel, glorious dangers still on flame,
He thinks all hazards overpaid with fame.

* * * * * * *

Now darkness grateful hid earth air and sea,
And took their battles with the light away;
Not so their cares; impending dangers call
The bold Saguntines to rebuild their wall;
Their worst of times admits no pause for rest,
And Virtues latest efforts ever best;
The young, the old, the strong, the weak prepare
One common labour, as one risk, to share;
The willing soldier with a bleeding wound,
Bears the big stone to raise the ruin'd mound;
A part the seniors of the state engage,
The young attending, in the cares of age.

BIOGRAPHY.

[For the following sketch of the life of Mr. Mitford, one of the most accurate among the modern historians, we are indebted to a source which has often furnished entertainment to our readers. Julius Cæsar and Sir SIDNEY SMITH have mingled literary exercises with martial toil; and William Mitford, with similar versatility, has proved that the soldier and the scholar may be united.]

WILLIAM MITFORD, ESQ. M. P. F. R. S.

Lieutenant Colonel of the south Hampshire militia, and brother to Sir John Mitford, Solicitor General to his Majesty. This gentleman is one of those characters, in the Monarchy of Letters, which we contemplate with peculiar satisfaction. He has devoted the leisure of a military life to the cultivation of letters, has served the true interests of the literary community, by bringing to classic regions fresh accessions of light and certainty, and has always preserved, in his writings, a manliness of deportment, and strength of character, which entitle him to the highest admiration, as a citizen of that community. Mr. Mitford was educated at the University of Oxford, and has bestowed much time and attention on his favourite study of antiquities. His chief work, the history of Greece, is a performance which does him infinite credit. To those who are acquainted with the intricacy of many parts of Grecian history, with the extreme difficulty of collecting the scattered members of it, of detecting the suppositious and doubtful among what is related by inferior or later authors, and of ascertaining and arranging the genuine; and, lastly, without the assistance of invention, of forming, from parts so broken and dispersed, a harmonizing whole, he will appear highly to deserve the character of a learned and accurate historian. His history of Greece is not the work of a closet critic, or a monkish philosopher, but owes its existence to a most comprehensive mind, and correct judgment, happily blended with extensive knowledge, and an acquaintance with the modes and manners of life. He frequently reminds us of the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, and his union of characters, soldier, seaman, statesman, scholar, poet, and philosopher; while his just estimation of *his* invaluable guides, Thucydides and Xenophon, increases our admiration of the soldier-philosopher, who is our own. Much of the earlier part of this valuable work was written in camps and in quarters, during the American war. It was first published by single quarto volumes, of which the first appeared in 1784, two years previous to the history by Dr. Gillies. At present three of these volumes are published. The third edition was printed in octavo, each of the original volumes forming two of these. Ten years previous to the first appearance of this work, Mr. Mitford had published, anonymously, an Essay upon the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English

language; and in 1791, he wrote a pamphlet, entitled, 'Considerations on the opinion stated by the Lords of the committee of council, in a representation, to the King, upon the corn laws, that Great Britain was unable to procure corn sufficient for its own consumption.' &c.

In his most distinguished character, as an author, we assert, without hesitation, of Mr. Mitford, that the industry with which he has collected his materials from ancient sources, and brought together from distant quarters, whatever might serve to enrich or elucidate his narrative, the critical acumen which he discovers in comparing the various representations, given by different authors, of the same facts, his perfect originality of thought and expression, the display of general knowledge, which he so agreeably and judiciously introduces, his comprehension of mind in the arrangement of the whole, his sound learning, his strength of judgment, his diligent investigation, all unite in entitling him to the first place among the historians of Greece. It is unfortunate, that, amid so much perfection, there should be found a single blemish. Yet the style of Mr. Mitford can certainly not be said to possess that grace and polish which would display, to most advantage, the many excellencies of his writings. With the generality of readers, the beauties of style are of the highest consideration. Could Mr. Mitford boast this, among his other superiorities, few, indeed, would be the historians who would have greater claims to distinction!

MISCELLANY.

[The following sketch of the character of LOGAN, the munificent donor of the CLASSICS, in the Philadelphia Library, is from the pen of a late traveller.]

My first visit was to the Library. Of the two rooms, the Franklinean Library is confined to books in the English language, but the Loganian Library, comprehends every classical work. I contemplated with reverence, the portrait of JAMES LOGAN, which graces the room.

'Magnum et venerabile nomen.'

I could not repress my exclamations. As I am only a stranger said I in this country, I affect no enthusiasm on beholding the statues of the generals and statesmen. I have left a church filled with them on the shore of Albion, that have a prior claim to such feelings. But I here behold the portrait of a man, whom I consider so great a benefactor to literature, that he is scarcely less illustrious than its munificent patrons of *Italy;* his soul has certainly been admitted to the company of the congenial spirits of a *Cosmo* and *Lorenzo* of *Medicis*. The Greek and Roman authors, forgotten on their native banks of the *Ilyssus* and *Tiber*, delight by the kindness of a *Logan*, the votaries of learning on those of the *Delaware*.

It has been observed, I believe, by *Horace*, that there have lived many heroes, not inferior in prowess to those of the *Iliad*, but that for want of a bard to sing their feats, they might as well have not achieved them. But how many characters are now unknown, who, susceptible only of the social energies deserve to be remembered more than an *Agamemnon* or an *Achilles*. What man ever rose from the *Iliad* with an accession of benevolence? but who would not be better for reading the life of a *Kyrle*, of whom nothing can be now known, but what is furnished by an episode in a poem.

Of the readers of this volume, there are few who have ever heard mention made of *James Logan*, of Philadelphia; a man, whose benevolent actions aspire far higher than any Greek or Roman fame.

James Logan was born in *Scotland*, about the year 1674. He was one of the people called *Quakers*, and accompanied William Penn in his last voyage to Pennsylvania. For many years of his life, he was employed in public business, and rose to the offices of Chief Justice and Governor of the Province; but he always felt an ardent love of study, and by husbanding his leisure, found time to write several treatises in Latin, of which one on the Generation of Plants was translated into English, by Dr. Fothergill.

Being *declined* in *the vale of years*, Mr. Logan withdrew from the tumult of public business, to the solitude of his country seat, near Germantown, where he found tranquility among his books, and corresponded with the most distinguished literary characters of Europe. He also made a version of *Cicero de Senectute*, which was published with notes by the late Dr. Franklin. Whether Franklin was qualified to write annotations on Tully's noble Treatise, will admit of some doubt; for the *genius* of *Franklin* was rather scientific than classical.

Mr. Logan died in 1751, at the venerable age of seventy-seven; leaving his Library which he had been fifty years collecting, to the people of Pennsylvania; a monument of his ardour for the promotion of Literature.

FROM "THE LOOKER-ON."

It has been the fate of a great original writer in our own country, to be succeeded by a crowd of unworthy imitators: I speak of the author of Tristram Shandy. As his *manner* was extraordinary, this has been the great object of imitation to the tribe of his copyists. It has been the fate of this man to have his style and composition degraded by the deformed likenesses through which they have been held up to vulgar view. All his imitators are in the same cant; and we will conclude this Paper with a specimen that may do for them all.

THE TOUR OF SENTIMENT.

'And so!—said I, on entering the famed town of Brentford—and so!—I could bear it longer—I gushed into a flood of tears—An unfeeling butcher who stood near, and who had no joy above the fruitless struggles of the ox who tottered under his axe, pointed me out to the ridicule of his hardened comrades—A glow of shame, which by the bye human nature cannot always suppress, suffused my cheek—This, said I, is the dark side of things—My horse, (who perhaps felt the force of the appeal—'tis a pliant beast) went onward, as if grateful that I had spared the spur. Before I knew that I was out of the reach of the butcher's taunts, my faithful steed stopped, as if unwilling to interrupt my reverie,—at Mr. March's great Inn at Salthill.—And in what, said I, am I superior to the labouring wretches that herd in the meaner houses which are open to their more circumscribed necessities? A conviction of self-applause invigorated my whole frame.—In my life I never experienced a more tranquil glow of animated sensibility—A chequered window-shutter soon caught my eye—'Good entertainment for man and horse'—Aye, aye, said I—for my late triumph over pride still made my blood dance in milder meanders thro' my veins—Aye, aye, said I, and I patted the meek neck of my faithful companion—aye, aye, said I, and I hope we may reverse the motto, and say, 'Good man and horse for entertainment'—and so saying, I gave my horse to honest Will the ostler; and walking briskly into the *worst* room I could find, I fared sumptuously on a crust of brown bread, half mouldy with age, and a glass of water which I drew from the pail in which my steed had been drinking. The worldling will smile at my mortification—but let it be remembered that I am writing a language which the worldling cannot understand.

'Tis strange! said I—passing strange, that French cooks should be called in, when sentiment can give so keen a zeal to the homeliest fare!—[A tear filled each eye as I spoke—I know not how they came there—and as the heart is not made for scrutinies, I did not stay to inquire.] Thou, hapless animal, said I to my faithful steed, art unacquainted with this luxury. Esopus knew it not, or peacocks tongues would not have been in his bill of fare. I spoke with vehemence; and I fear my quiet companion suffered by the enthusiasm of his master—for he stopped suddenly, hung his head, and presented an attitude so moving, and so pregnant with silent reproach, that Balaam's ass, with all his loquacity, would have suffered by the comparison. 'Pardon me,' said I, most useful and harmless creature, if I have unwarily drawn innocent blood.' My tones, as I spoke, were sweet and flexible—partaking of the melting philanthropy of the soul that gave them utterance. His gentle nature was appeased—he recovered his pace—'Kind Heaven,' said I, 'for once reverse thy decrees, and grant my excellent beast the immortality he merits, by virtues his rider would be proud to possess.' Whether my imagination was warmed by a train of reflexions, each of which would put the tyrant conqueror to shame, or whether merit, though in a quadruped, is never unnoticed—but it matters not—the effect was the same: (we are ever prone to judge by events;) so it was, that he reared exultingly as I finished my prayer. He had never thus raised himself before; his humble disposition kept him nearer the earth.—And why, said I, should I reject the suggestions of my expanding heart? Xanthus, said I, prophesied before thee, honest brute. I embrace the omen; and, if I am credulous, let me not be scoffed. Achilles was so before me—And so saying, I raised my eyes (which, by a habit of thoughtfulness, were generally rivetted to my horse's main) to view the streets of

SLOUGH.

'*Slough!* 'tis an invidious name—but let that pass.—Charity would perhaps have chosen a tenderer appellation: but are not words intended as the pictures of ideas? The town, Reader, is not clean: and the mire which my steed gathered in his passage through it, impressed more forcibly upon my mind than the appositeness of the title.—Yet what will not habit effect?—The countenances of the inhabitants, though defiled, were illumined with serenity; but the solution is not yet complete.—Patriotism will have its dues—it was native dirt; and who shall say that the natale solum can never inconvenience or disfigure?—The mystery was at an end—or I was too indolent to pursue the inquiry—or perhaps pride concealed the deficiencies of my theory (as is often the case with wiser men) or what shall we say to Descartes and his atoms?—But be it as it may—when an attempt is made to remove difficulties, one may fail in the primary end—but it is made up to us in another way; and the self-applause arising from a consciousness of strenuous endeavours, more than pays us for our trouble. If I am wrong, let not a cruel world too harshly buffet my system—A fly's wing might overturn it—I have a heart too feeble and tender to sustain the penalties to which the errors of my head might expose it.—'Do not laugh, but pity me.'

[The following curious anecdote of an ill fated painter, is from the pen of the inimitable Goldsmith. We hardly know which most to admire, the pathos of the narrative, or the skill of the narrator.]

They who have seen the paintings of Caravagio, are sensible of the surprising impression they

make—Bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree; all seems animated, and speaks him among the foremost of his profession; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition to each other.

Unknowing how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city, in the utmost indigence, and was obliged to paint for his bread. Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel, on foot, his usual method of going his journies into the country, without either money or friends to subsist him. After he had travelled in this manner, as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn, by the way-side. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him with a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravagio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the inn-keeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, leaving the inn-keeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the inn-keeper with their generosity; he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage, and accordingly set out after Caravagio, in order to bring him back. It was night-fall before he came to the place, where the unfortunate painter lay dead, by the road side, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[From the celebrity of his letters, anecdotes of the younger lord LYTTLETON, are read in America with avidity. The subsequent particulars, to which a few additions have been made, are derived from an article, which originally appeared in a foreign journal, and to which the writer prefixed this remark. When so very remarkable a person as the late lord Lyttleton departs this life, the curiosity of the public is naturally excited, to be acquainted with some of the most striking traits of his portrait. Agreeably to this opinion, I have taken up the pen to give you a sketch of his character.]

ANECDOTES OF LORD LYTTLETON, THE YOUNGER.

Born with great qualities, which were much polished by a classical and scientific education, he soon displayed talents far superior to most of our nobility, or indeed to mankind in general. Having finished his studies, his father, whose memory will ever be cherished by all men of letters, judged that to expand his ideas and surmount all national prejudices, the tour of Europe would render him the accomplished gentleman. His lordship accordingly set out upon his travels, at a very early period of life, and visited most of the courts and capital cities upon the continent. His natural vivacity prompted him to enter into all the gaieties and dissipation of Parisian refinement, and Italian luxury. He returned not without having made many useful and judicious remarks in the course of his tour, and gained more knowledge of the manners of the people, he had visited, as well as insight into the interests of Princes, and the intrigues of foreign cabinets than usually falls to the lot of so young a man; but then he had also imbibed the frivolity of the French, the debauchery of the Germans, and the effeminacy of the Italians.

Thus, improved with exotic acquirements, he soon displayed his taste in most polite circles; he gamed, he drank, and testified a variegated passion for the fair sex. These pursuits though they did not apparently affect his constitution, which was remarkably good, failed not to prey upon his fortune, which, at that time, was very slender. In order to repair the damage it had received, he looked out for a wife whose possessions might enable him to give a full scope to his desires, and he soon met with Mrs. Peachy, the widow of a Governor of that name, who had amassed a very considerable fortune in Asia. The report of this match being upon the carpet, soon got abroad, and it is confidently asserted, that his father who was then living, wrote a friendly letter of advice to the lady, dissuading her from giving her hand to his son, on account of his libertinism, which he judged would make her miserable. However, the expectancy of a Coronet had such charms as to her proved irresistible. In a word, she married him; but, scarce was the honey moon elapsed, before they separated, and never after lived together.

Soon after this event, his father died, and he succeeded him in his title and estate. He had now an opportunity of displaying his oratorical powers in the House of Peers, and commenced by attacking administration with respect to the American war. He evinced a great fruitfulness of imagination, a boldness of colouring, and a poignancy of satire, which soon made him be considered as a powerful antagonist. It was therefore expedient to bring him over to their party, and from the versatility of his disposition there did not seem much difficulty in accomplishing this design. Several baits were, however, ineffectually thrown out to him. At length, he snapt at the place of Chief Justice in Eyre. He was now as strong an advocate for administration, as he had before been a powerful antagonist. Lord Sandwich paid him great encomiums, and flattered him with such farther promotion as he might desire upon any vacancy. These promises prevailed with him for a considerable time, to exert his oratorical abilities in defence of the measures of the ministry. But, at length upon the demise of Lord Suffolk, his expectations were baffled, in being refused the post of Secretary of state. This disappointment greatly enraged him, and he once more turned the battery of his eloquence against the Ministers, and personally attacked Earl Sandwich as first lord in the department of the navy.

Notwithstanding this conduct he retained his post, it being we suppose judged by administration, that he might still be brought over to their side, by some other lure of less importance than that of Secretary of state. However, he continued firm in his opposition to the ministry, as may be found by the last speech he made in the House of Lords, on the first day of the meeting of Parliament, and only two before his death. His Lordship died November 27, 1779.

An outline of his private life has already been given, and he has continued the same pursuits to the last day of his existence. In his voluptuous catalogue, a variety of mistresses succeeded each other, and Mrs. Dawson, and Clara Haywood, not only received his vows, but shared liberally in his good fortune. He left them ample legacies.

Many reports have been circulated concerning the manner of his death; and some of the papers insinuated that he destroyed himself. But this was a false rumour. It was averred by some that a few nights before his dissolution, he dreamt he should die on the very night he did, that he related this dream to many of his particular acquaintance, and that he seemed greatly affected by this gloomy presage. But superstition does not appear to have been among the number of his lordship's follies, and little credit can be given to this report. A continued round of pleasure and dissipation was abundantly sufficient to accelerate the period of his life, when he had scarce attained its prime, being only in his thirty fifth year.

In his person, he was rather thin, with an aquiline nose, and very expressive eyes. In private parties, he was a delightful companion. His vivacity was seldom repressed, and his tongue could most fluently express all the fertile and original combinations of his mind.

Of his political and literary talents our estimate may easily be made by adverting to his Parliamentary Orations, and his Private Correspondence. He was not merely an eloquent, but a powerful speaker. Poignant in wit, fertile in allusion, corrosive in satire, and intrepid in effrontery, he was always prepared to *ward, or to strike*. He was considered one of the most adroit debaters in the House; and they who were not convinced by his reasoning, were fascinated by his rhetoric.

In the epistolary stile, his most careless and confidential effusions are distinguished for boldness of thought, and beauty of expression. In the midst of levity, he rarely fails to interest the mind by the grandeur and magnanimity of sentiment. Even common things he says in an uncommon way; and his Letters though ambitious of witty conceit, are so conspicuous for good sense and energy, that they will continue to be read, when those of Balsac and Voiture are forgotten.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF REQUESTS.—LONDON.

Yesterday a woman named Jacobs, who keeps at old clothes shop in Swallow-street, Piccadilly, summoned Miss Harriet Simmons, of Jermyn-street, for 35s. a debt which she insisted was due to her by agreement for the loan of various articles of wearing apparel. Among the other items was 7s. 6d. for the use of a white muff and tippet, three several times; and 2s. 6d. for a Holland *chemise*, trimmed with Brussels lace, half a yard of which had been torn off round the neck, and for which this amiable *marchande des modes*, had the conscience to charge 16s.

The young lady told the Commissioners she was an unfortunate woman, and like many others similarly situated, had become the dupe of Mrs. Jacobs' wickedness and extortions. About half a year since she had lodged with her in Swallow-street, but having the good fortune to meet with a gentleman, connected in the Opera-House, he had made her a present of a silver ticket, for the season, *taken her from Mrs. Jacobs, and placed her in lodgings at a house in Jermyn-street*. Supposing her cloaths not *stylish* enough to appear in a Theatre of such magnificence, she applied to Mrs. Jacobs to furnish her with some *bettermost* articles till she could purchase some for herself. This she consented to do, and an express agreement was entered into that she was to pay certain prices for certain articles, whenever she was *engaged*; but if she had the misfortune to return home *without a gentleman*, then Mrs. Jacobs was to lose her hire, provided the things were *got up* and sent home. In this way they had gone on till the lace of the Holland *chemise* was torn off the bosom, for which Mrs. Jacobs had demanded compensation. This she had thought herself justified in refusing, the fracture having been occasioned by Mrs. Jacob's violence in snatching the shift away, under pretence of lending it to a lady who she said was to perform that night at a new private theatre, and which she had refused to consent to. With respect to the other parts of the charge, they were equally unfounded, and made for things she had worn at times, when she had not been *engaged*, consequently she had no right to be paid for them. Two other girls appeared to prove the nature of the agreement between Mrs. Jacobs and Miss Simmons, who fully corroborated the preceding statement.

The Commissioners dismissed the application, observing, that it was such wretches, as Mrs. Jacobs, who were the means of bringing unthinking girls into that miserable situation, which degrades them to the very lowest condition of the sex, and who might have gained a subsistence by honest industry, but for the lure of *finery* held out to them, and the abandoned and dissolute example and asylum opened to them by such pests of society. If she was dissatisfied, she could seek redress in another court.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following political article from a late London print, of the highest character, for the correctness of its information, presents the best view of the invasion we have yet perused.

The apprehensions of Bonaparte speedily putting in execution his threats against this country, seem (after some cessation) to be again renewed. On this subject we ought neither to be too confident, desponding, nor inattentive. The first consul has every motive to make the attempt. The desire of glory on the one hand, and on the other, the fear of ridicule, should he relinquish a plan with which he has amused his country ever since the commencement of the war. He is, however, not of a character to engage in it without a prospect of success; and nothing will of course be left undone by him to render it effectual. As his preparations therefore must be very great, it is probable that the enterprise will not be so speedily undertaken as some persons are inclined to believe. The accounts which have appeared in some newspapers of the number of gun-boats, &c. assembled at Rotterdam and other places, we know to be ridiculously exaggerated. It is true, he has a great army, perhaps not less than 450,000 men; but of these more than 20,000 are new levies from the conscription, and will take some time in training. He has also about 150,000 dispersed in the different countries which he holds in subjection, some of which, however, particularly of those in Holland, he will probably be able to render subservient to his design. He cannot leave France without 100,000 men to keep in awe the disaffected of every class, and to defend the country; so that he cannot at present have a disposable force of much more than 100,000; and with less than 200,000 the attempt would be madness.

He means, as we have been informed, to embark his force from several points, not less than ten, both to save time in their embarkations, and enable him to excite an alarm in several parts at once of Great-Britain and Ireland. Some of our cotemporaries talk of his making the attempt before the end of November.

On the other hand, the obstacles he will have to encounter are such as none but the most daring spirit would venture to face. To speak impartially, the nation cannot be too grateful to its present rulers, for the vigour and promptitude they have displayed on this momentous occasion; a vigour which has proceeded with method, and a promptitude, in every instance, directed by judgment. No man whatever, not the most inveterate jacobin, has presumed to assert that the modes which have been adopted for the security of the country, have not been the very best that could be devised. Supposing, therefore, the first consul in every respect prepared, he will, in the first place, have to contend with, or to evade our invincible navy, who at present block up every considerable port on the coasts of France and Holland. When a flotilla is assembled at any port, there are many chances that it will be burnt or destroyed by the intrepidity and enterprise of which our gallant seamen have even lately given such illustrious specimens. Supposing then, that by any chance our fleets should not be able to keep the sea, and it is next to impossible that they should not be able to move either in one direction or another, he will have a light flotilla to encounter, vastly superior to his own—for we have the satisfaction to announce that a plan has been organized, and is now in nearly a state of maturity, new in its principle, and unquestionable as to its efficacy, which will place a very strong bar to any attempt to cross the Channel, even should our navy, from adverse winds, or any other possible chance, be unable to act.

'Should he notwithstanding all these impediments, be enabled to effect a landing in any given point, he will find our whole coast lined with troops. The regular army and militia, with the army of reserve, may, on a very moderate computation be stated at 500,000 men; the volunteers, including the cavalry, at a million at least. There will be from half a million to a million of men ready to turn out as pioneers and labourers, who are regularly appointed, and who will throw up entrenchments at every pass, and impede and harass the march of the enemy. The French will also find regular fortifications at every military post in their rout.

'For the security of the metropolis, the precautions are excellent. The Thames will be almost a sufficient security on the Southern and Western sides;—and the whole of the North East will be protected by the immense valley, which is washed by the Lea, being overflowed, should there be a necessity. A boom and chain are to be run across the mouth of the Thames, under the direction of the Trinity-House Volunteers; behind which are to be stationed a line of guard-ships with heavy metal, so as to rake and sink any vessel that may appear.

'Such are the precautions which have already been taken, and they are such as to enable us to laugh at the menaces of the enemy; but our impregnable fortress is, after all, founded in the hearts of Englishmen; in the confederated efforts of a brave, a loyal, a united people—an armed nation, prepared and ready to contend to the last for their rights and liberties; a nation who detest every form of tyranny; and who, animated by the love of liberty, and by every noble and generous sentiment, must prove superior to any force that can be directed against them.'

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The following sketch by a traveller, will be pronounced a caricature by some, and a resemblance by others.

At the Indian Queen in fourth-street, (every sign in the United States, is either an *Indian* Queen or a spread Eagle) I sometimes lounged away an hour, with some young men from Charleston. 'Where do you board? they all asked me'—'with a French lady'—some *Creole* I suppose—why not take up your quarters here? I hate French customs, they never drink tea, unless they are sick.'

And what were the customs of these young gentlemen, who plumed themselves on their knowledge of mankind, and their travelled air? when not engaged with eating, they were sitting in the street, before the door of the Indian Queen, drinking punch cooled with ice, and obscured in volumes of tobacco smoke. It is true, their discourse did not turn on bullocks, but they were either laughing over their nocturnal adventures, in *Mulatto Alley*, at Charleston, or recommending to each other, the different brothels of Philadelphia; nor was the stream of their conversation ever diverted, unless some young lady (who, finding the pavement blockaded by their chairs, was compelled to walk in the carriage road,) called forth the exclamation of 'that's a fine girl,' so is that coming up the street now. *There are no snakes, if Philadelphia*, does not beat Charleston, hollow! see there again at the Taylor's window. Harry, I'll go over and get measured for a coat to morrow.

—

Dr. Barrow's '*Essay on Education*' must be considered as a work of singular merit. It is more practical and less indebted to fancy, than such books usually have been; the result of excellent judgment, improved by long experience. Carrying on education to the studies of the College. Mr. Kett's *Elements of general knowledge* seem almost inseparable from the foregoing. The work is equally the result of much experience, and attracts by the elegance, as well as by the solidity of its information.

—

In every *Democracy*, acts of the blackest ingratitude, and of the most atrocious injustice and cruelty, are habitual among the people. Indeed, every thing base and infamous is of the very essence of that absurd form of government. As the mercy or cruelty of the multitude predominates, the most honest, nay, the most useful men, are exiled like Aristides, or assassinated like De Wit.

—

The art of presenting our thoughts to another, is often a process of considerable time and labour; and the delicate task of correction, reserved only for writers of fine taste, proves, that there are several modes of presenting an idea; vulgar readers are only susceptible of the rough and palpable stroke; but there are many shades of sentiment, which, to seize on and paint, is the pride and labour of a fine writer.

—

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Charleston, S. C. to his friend in Philadelphia.

The anger you express against the corruption of the times, is the natural indignation of a breast, '*the bounds of self divinely bursting*.' As it is nothing less than wickedness, to look smilingly on scenes of misery, or to view their approach, without fear and trembling, we need not wonder, that, with our present prospects, good men are ashamed to look their country in the face. What a pity it is that our rottenness begins at the core, and is a corruption not of persons only, but of things! How lamentable that all the learning, and wisdom, and eloquence, and honesty, in the country, should be wasted in defence of a system radically bad. In reflecting on these things, there is no other relief for the mind, than that the men, who are blindly endeavouring to promote and effect our destruction, will assuredly, be the greatest, I wish I could say the *only* sufferers by it. I look upon all the exertions, now making, to save our frail and feeble system, as tending only to hasten its dissolution. The storm is inevitable, and the sooner it bursts the better. And yet, where is the man who does not feel the superiority of the Federalists, in this glorious contest for liberty.

—

At a time, when the reduction of the English national debt is much talked of, the curious reader may perhaps, be edified by the ensuing remarks of a shrewd writer.

If it were possible to pay off the whole national debt at once, the effects would be exactly the same as if it was not paid at all. A sudden discharge and a sudden bankruptcy would be the same, that is, they would equally involve us in bankruptcy and distress. As cash is the only medium by which the public creditor could be paid, we will only suppose, for a moment, that a sum of three hundred millions in gold and sil-

ver is dug out of the mines in Cornwall, or the coal pits of Newcastle, that it is refined, coined and sent into the Treasury, and all the creditors called upon to receive principal and interest, which they accept, because they have no right to refuse. What then would ensue? we should see multitudes staggering under loads of cash, which they could not carry away; many fetching it in wheelbarrows, some in carts, and a few in waggons, and filling warehouses, granaries, and barns with innumerable bushels of useless guineas. Useless indeed, for to what use could they be applied? They could not be placed in public funds, because if there was no debt, there could be no funds. They could not be laid out in land, because no man would part with land, the produce of which would maintain himself and family, for money which would produce nothing. It could not be lent on mortgage for the same reason; and it could not even purchase the necessaries of life, because no one would sell a loaf, or a leg of mutton, which he could eat, for gold and silver which he could not swallow. We might, indeed, like the Mexicans, when first discovered, cover our houses and shoe our horses with these precious metals; but superfluity would destroy their value, and lead and iron would be more esteemed, because of more general use.

—

Edward the Fourth of England, of almost as gallant memory as Henry the Fourth of France, had three mistresses, of whom he used to say, that the one was the fairest—the other the merriest—and the other the *holiest*;—for she devoted herself entirely to his love and *her beads*—by which we find the mere *externals* of piety were no more then than now, a sure bulwark to virtue.

[*Lon. paper.*

—

The late John Wilkes, it is known, wrote his own *Life* which, however, cannot be found, and is supposed to have been destroyed by Mrs. Wilkes, though a Bookseller had offered five thousand pounds for the copy-right. The private profligacy of Wilkes is notorious; and probably Mrs. Wilkes, much to her honour, sacrificed five thousand pounds on the altar of delicacy, by committing the manuscript to the flames!

—

AN ADDRESS TO A SHILLING,

Which the author gave to the subscription for the support of his country.

Go forth, my mite! and join the heap,
That Loyalty bestows;
Go guard our coast, go rule the deep,
And thunder on our foes.

Be not abash'd—resign thy fear,
That weak and poor thou art:
'Twas honest labour brought thee here,
And freedom bids us part.

Go forth—and when amid the train
Of glittering thousands prest,
Should some proud Guinea look disdain,
Be thus thy speech addrest:

'Though from no golden heaps I came,
Nor boast a purse proud owner;
A sterling Shilling is my name,
And loyal is the donor.

His debts when paid, he found me o'er,
And gave me with good will;
Oft wish'd me gold, or, what is more,
But equal to his zeal!

I see thy little heart beats high,
And pants in every sting;
Then on with energy, and cry,
BRITANNIA, and her KING!'

—

A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS.

Bonaparte, the bully, resolves to come over,
With flat-bottom'd wherries from Calais to Dover;
No perils to him in the billows are found,
For if born to be hang'd, he can never be drown'd.

From a Corsican dunghill this fungus did spring,
He was soon made a Captain, and would be a King;
But the higher he rises, the more he does evil,
For a *beggar, on horseback, will ride to the devil.*

To seize all we have, and then clap us in jail,
To devour all our victuals, to drink all our ale,
And to grind us to dust is this Corsican's will—
For they say *all is grist that e'er comes to his mill.*

To stay quiet at home, the first consul can't bear,
Or, mayhap, he would have *other fish to fry there;*
So as fish of that sort do not suit his desire,
He will leap out of the frying-pan into the fire.

He builds barges, and cock-boats, and craft without end,
And numbers the hosts which to England he'll send;
But in spite of his craft, and in spite of his boasts,
He still reckons, I think, without one of his hosts.

He rides upon France, and he tramples on Spain,
And holds Holland and Italy tight in a chain;
These he hazards for more, though I can't understand,
That one bird in the bush is worth four in the hand.

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,
But the pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well;
And when our brave soldiers this bully surround,
Though he's thought penny-wise, he'll look foolish in pound.

France can never forget that our fathers of yore,
Used to pepper and baste her at sea and on shore;
And we'll speedily prove to this Mock-Alexander,
What was sauce for the goose, will be sauce for the gander.

I have heard, and have read in a great many books,
Half the Frenchmen are Taylor's, and t'other half Cooks;
We've fine trimmings in store for the Knights of the Cloth,
And the cooks that come here will but spoil their own broth.

It is said that the French are a numerous race,
And perhaps it is true, for *ill weeds grow apace;*
But come when they will, and as many as dare,
I suspect they'll arrive the day after the fair.

To invade us more safely, these warriors boast
They will wait till a storm drives our fleet from their coast;
That 'twill be *an ill wind* will be soon understood,
For a wind that blows Frenchmen—*blows nobody good.*

They would treat Britain worse than they've treated Mynheer,
But they'll find *they have got a wrong sow by the ear.*
Let them come then in swarms, by the Corsican led,
And I warrant *we'll hit the right nail on the head.*

—

Lord Viscount Strangford, in a note to a collection of little poems, in which, following the brilliant example of Moore, he imitates, very happily, the quaint manner of some of the old English poets, archly observes of the amorous Camoens that 'the poet was often guilty of little transgressions with *tawney beauty*, but of which he seldom repented. He was passionately fond of a **negro girl;* and the commentators endeavour to defend the *irregularity* of his taste, by comparing it to the *penchant* of the wisest of men for the *dusky* Queen of Sheba.'

We could not refrain from smiling at the perusal of the above passage, which naturally reminded us of the late love adventure of a *Philosopher*, whose motto, when toying with his jetty mistress, must have been,

As I am young and debonnaire,
The *blackest* nymph, to me, is fair.

It must be added, however, that if Camoens, in all respects, resembled the wisest of men, yet that our *American* imitator is *not a Solomon*, except, perhaps, in *Love*.

—

Nothing says a witty and sarcastic writer, can be more absurd than the struggles which this sickly effeminacy of the times is making to gloss over and disguise all the real wretchedness of life. Unable any longer to draw wholesome lessons from those passages of sorrow which so often occur in the great volume of our existence, we gild and illuminate the margin, in the vain hope of brightening the text: we are dressing up a corpse with ribbands; but still the cadaverous countenance of Death will mock our endeavours, and triumph in the contrast it exhibits. Thus a language is found to express the whole train of maladies to which humanity is exposed, that wears almost the appearance of eulogy; and crimes that call for vengeance, are wrapped up in courtesy of phrase, that looks more like commiseration than abhorrence. We talk of the *unfortunate* gentleman who poisoned his uncle, and was afterwards so unhappy as to strangle his wife; and I have been told of a very *elegant* mode of extracting the stone. I remember a navy surgeon who used, in his accounts of battles, to talk of amputations, and other *arrangements;* and they tell me of a French farce, called *La Mort de Madame la Princesse de Lamballe, & ses agremens.*

All great operations are now performed in a manner to inspire us with a taste for them. A tooth is promised to be drawn by little more than whistling to it; a system is refined by a pinch of snuff; and the Roman Materia Medica, of friction, jactation, and fumigation, is entirely exploded. Few medicines are so rude as to require confinement, or abstinence; and it is almost worth while to be grievously afflicted, in order to be perfumed into health, and syruped into a sound constitution. We have long discontinued the phrase of cutting off, and have adopted that of removing a leg; by which ingenious turn, we must of course put the patient in excellent humour with the operation, by persuading him to regard that in the light of an inconvenience, which he is under an unavoidable necessity of losing forever. In the article of funerals, too, we do all in our power to bring it within the influence of this general plan of refinement, and to give an elegance and brilliancy, that may serve to spare our sensibilities, and substitute surprize in the place of feeling.

But this spirit of refinement does not confine itself to the little moralities of life, but plays about the confines of religion, and stretches over the whole province of literature and taste. In our Catalogues of Books we find the Flowers of Infidelity, Religious Courtship, the Gentleman's Religion, the Dance to Eternity, the Box of Precious Ointment, the Perfumes of Grace, and Voltaire's Philosophical Works, recommended in the same line, as being very deistical, and elegantly bound.

—

Some of the British spirits alluding to the vain menaces of Bonaparte against Great Britain, repeat a well known stanza:

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
To work their shame, and thy renown.

—

Lord Bacon says he knew a wise man that had it for a bye-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, 'stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.'

—

An arch traveller through Virginia, alluding to the sable amours of the planters, classically remarks, that the verse of Virgil will apply to the people of Virginia:

Alba ligustra cadunt, *vaccinia nigra legentur.*

—

It is curious to observe the first dawn of genius breaking on the mind. Sometimes a man of genius in his first effusions, is so far from re-

---

* This negro slave was named Joanna, and the Portuguese poet addresses to her some pretty verses, beginning,

The captive, which Victory gave to my arms,
Has prison'd my soul in the chain of her charms,
So I sooth her with gentle good humour, that she,
In return, may be more than good humour'd to me, &c.

vealing his future powers, that, on the contrary, no reasonable hope can be formed of his success. In the violent struggle of his mind he may give a wrong direction to his talents; as Swift in two Pindaric Odes, and Dryden by an Elegy, which have been unfortunately preserved in their works. Sometimes, he displays no talents even among those, who are able to decide on them; his genius, like Æneas, is veiled by a cloud, and remains unperceived by his associates. This was the case of Goldsmith, who was so far from displaying a fine genius that even his literary companions, before the publication of his beautiful poems, regarded him as a compiler for booksellers, not a writer formed of taste. Sometimes, when an author displays an early genius, it is not expressed with all its force. Several have begun versifiers, and concluded poets; perhaps this is no unjust idea of Pope.

—

A well chosen anecdote frequently reveals a character more happily than an elaborate delineation; as a glance of lightning will sometimes discover what had escaped us in a full light. A curious instance will enforce this observation. The character of Oliver Cromwell, long exercised the historical talents of European writers. Some French academicians have drawn his character with admirable refinement. Gregorio Leti amused with agreeable fictions. Raguenet tires with dry truths. At home, volumes on volumes have wearied curiosity. All these writers would persuade us that he was an artful mixture of the politician and the hypocrite. A single anecdote lets us more into the genius of the man, than this multiplicity of volumes. When he was with some select *friends*, enjoying a convivial hour, a confidential servant enters and announces a body 'of the *elect*.' 'Tell them,' says Cromwell in the language of fanaticism—tell them we are seeking for the Lord. These fools think, 'continues he, looking under the table that I am seeking for the Lord, while I am only seeking for the cork screw.'

—

Mr. D'Israeli, speaking of the attractions of a lovely female, observes with his usual felicity and brilliance, that she was a model for the colouring of the painter, and the chissel of the statuary, that her lips were two rose leaves, and the touch of her arm enough to corrupt a Carthusian.

—

Sir Robert Walpole, a great minister, was ambitious of being a man of *gallantry*, and Cardinal Richelieu was not less ambitious of being distinguished as a *poet*, while the one was as awkward in his compliments, as the other in his verses!

—

How grateful is the tranquility of *occupation!* It detaches from many evils, from the listlessness of existence, the pangs of recollection, and the miseries of dependence.

—

The subsequent article was the careless effusion of a rural wit, who in the woods of New-Hampshire, had taste to relish the style of Mrs. Radcliffe—judgment to detect her blemishes, and humour to deride her terrors.

DESCRIPTION, IN THE MANNER OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

In that still season of the night, when drowsy mortals are hushed to silent sleep, the softness of the air, and the splendor of the full orbed moon, invited me to saunter, on the spacious common; scarcely had I roamed a score of rods, contemplating the tranquil scene, the dusky forest and the variegated shades, that Luna reflected, when a black cloud hurried away the light. Groping in darkness, for a passage home, a tremendous clap of thunder summoned a host of fears.—As I skulked from a flash of lightning, that seemed to light on my head, a glimpse of the marble monuments, that designated the deposits of the dead, in an adjacent grave yard, appeared like ghosts, rising for judgment. 'Darkness visible' ensued, a loud noise over my head, that seemed to pronounce wo, wo, brought my heart to my teeth. I looked up, trembling, to see the trumpet coming through the clouds. Suddenly a shriek from the burying yard, preceded by a groan, arrested my attention—then all was still; presently a white being arose at a little distance, and gave a shriek—its nodding head seemed to beckon for assistance, but who could approach a ghost, in such horrid darkness? It vanished groaning—Fear lifted my hat, and cold sweat dropped from the ends of my fingers—a brisk gale blew away the clouds, and the lustre of the moon shewed me an OWL, perched on a hemlock, over my head, and a poor choaked PIG, in the grave yard.

—

If the *ladies* were balloted for, according to Mr. W. Smith's idea, there is no doubt but they would like to serve in person, for when all the *able-bodied men* are gone away on duty, what is there left behind worth staying for? [*Lon. paper.*

—

Bonaparte's friendship to the poor Batavians, reminds us of a gentleman, who, after shaving himself, placed the razor in the hands of his observant monkey, who, in endeavouring to imitate his master, cut his own throat. We believe it is not generally known that the motto of Lord Nelson is an anagram of his name: '*Honoresta Nilo*,' being transposed, forms '*Horatio Nelson.*' [*ib.*

—

A *Ratcatcher*, in the country begins his advertisement thus—'If there be any lady or gentleman who wish to get rid of *their vermin.*' [*ib.*

☞ Among our subscribers, all who have not paid the amount of their respective subscriptions, are requested forthwith to liquidate our claims.

Our patrons will please to reflect that, on the ensuing week, we begin another round of annual toil, and pledge ourselves not only for an assiduous and faithful employment of time in this literary enterprise, but for a very heavy expense in the execution of the work. PAYMENT IN ADVANCE was the Editor's original stipulation with the public. It is hoped this may not be forgotten.

All village Printers must pay the difference in the price of this paper and theirs, not only for the past, but for the future year. Until this be punctually accomplished, the transmission, to them, of the Port Folio will be suspended.

Every bookseller, who transmits to the Editor a request to notice any book, pamphlet, or literary project of any description, must send the amount of the subscription for this paper. As every article of this nature is, essentially, an *advertisement*, it is but equitable that our labour be requited, and our expense reimbursed.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a genuine report of the masterly speech, delivered, Friday December 2, by the Hon. Mr. TRACY, in the Senate of the United States, on the passage of an *amendment* to the Constitution, in lieu of the third paragraph of the first section of the second article. This ingenious, manly, and spirited protest against a most pernicious *alteration* of the Federal compact, was received too late for insertion to-day, but it shall appear in the front pages of the first number of our *fourth* volume.

'A Bachelor of Arts' was certainly one of the merriest fellows of his college, and we have no doubt that he will soon take all his degrees in the schools of wit.

The muse of 'Parmegiano' is graceful. Her eye of fire, and her dulcet voice, will enchant many an admirer.

The author of 'A Review, Political and Literary,' is respectfully notified that it is necessary we should possess the whole series of his speculations before we can form a judgment on their character and objects. If his plan be incompatible with the design of this miscellany, we shall carefully comply with the author's wishes. We wish to hear from him shortly, and request that he would drop the mysterious air, and speak in the tone of frankness and confidence.

'A zealous friend to the Port Folio and its Editor' is very respectfully informed, that we have duly received a number of 'the British Spy,' a series of letters attributed to a young nobleman, travelling through America. With our courteous correspondent, we agree in commending the spirit and vivacity of the epistolary sketches of this writer. But we must omit inserting them in the Port Folio, for a reason which must be obligatory upon every journalist, anxious to please by the originality of his departments, or the novelty of his selections. The above letters *purporting* to be the productions of a foreigner, have already appeared in the form of a pamphlet, and have been copied into most of the newspapers. The Editor would do injustice to his subscribers, if he should fill his Port Folio with articles already current in the daily Gazettes.

'Verses on Christmas *Eve*' must certainly have been written in the *dark*.

'Ophelia' seems so much in a flutter, that she forgot to read over her epistle.

The letter of E. is not sufficiently correct for the public eye.

The 'invocation to melancholy,' is not much to the Editor's taste. Not much benefit can be afforded to the mind, by these elaborate attempts to be gloomy. Poets and poetesses are said to be fond of sweet melancholy, but one can say with the wag 'I wish the versifiers and the nightingales would get a monopoly of it.' My share I resign with all possible good will.

'Gallicus' may understand French very well, but we are convinced he is no adept at English.

The ghost of Hampden is too ghastly a spectre, to be admitted into any political or literary circle.

'Damon' may be a fine gentleman, but he is a coarse writer.

'Edward' is too modest. This diffidence sometimes represses excellence. Let him continue his literary exercises, and we shall exclaim 'sume *superbiam*, quæsitam meritis.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Paraphrase on part of Ode III. Book I. of HORACE, occasioned by the departure of a favourite member of the Anonymous Club.

Vehiculo Regem Bostonas vehenti incolumitatem precatur.

(*a*) With sober *whips*, and gentle cattle,
May'st thou, O *Stage!* in safety rattle,
By day, and eke by night;
In thee our *King* to Boston rides,
And, well I ween, thy crazy sides
Ne'er bore a worthier wight!

(*b*) A daring devil was the *noddy*
Who first, in *stages*, risk'd his body,
At bogs nor mountains frighted;
Who, fearless, pass'd the *Trenton ferry*,
Though cold and hungry, could be merry,
On *Rocky-Hill* benighted.

Unmov'd at hot or frosty weather,
At loss of rest, or loss of *leather*,
Or careless drivers, rot 'em!
If he **upsets* nor jolts could feel,
I trow, he own'd a heart of steel,
Or else an *iron bottom*.

Should you, dear King, in *Boston*, find
Friends, warm as those you leave behind,
Nay, *half* as warm, why stay!
If not, ah! think of *Number two!*
And, on some Tuesday-night, do you
Pop in among us, pray.

Adzooks! I hear the joyous roar,
When, slily peeping at the door,
We spy thy phiz, so jolly;
Mine host his *best* shall usher in,
Sebastian sport his widest grin,
Her merriest simper, Polly.

MERCUTIO.

(*a*) Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium: finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium mea.

(*b*) Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem noti.
&c. &c. &c.

* Yankee Dictionary.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO HOPE.

Come, liveliest Hope! entrance my soul,
In sweetest dreams of future bliss;
Give me to taste of Pleasure's bowl,
Of Beauty's glowing lips to kiss.

On thy light pinions waft me high,
Above this shadowy vale of care,
Where I may heave of wo, no sigh,
No pang of mis'ry ever fear.

Come! and with sorc'ress Fancy's aid,
Enchain my soul with magic spell,
Let all thy gayest scenes, display'd,
Defy the dreariest fiend of Hell.

Alas! how like the world thou prov'st,
When Sorrow calls thou'rt fast asleep;
The child of Peace alone thou lov'st,
And leav'st the care-worn wretch to weep.

EDWARD.

FOR THE PORT POLIO.

RURAL SKETCHES,

Written during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1802.

SKETCHES No. VIII.

TO A FRIEND.

Let man pursue the fleeting phantom, Fame,
Or busy toil for evanescent wealth;
Be *thou* content with Friendship's fervent flame,
And Heaven's first blessings, liberty and health!

Here, in Retirement's tranquillizing shade,
Turn to Contention's distant-sounding voice
A deafen'd ear—and let the grassy glade,
And shadowy forest, be *thy* dearest choice!

The busy world abounds in toils and snares,
To lure the guiltless from pure Virtue's way;
Life's strew'd with glitt'ring pain, and gilded cares,
And clouds obscure e'en Hope's benignant ray.

At Fame's shrill trumpet's sound, th' impetuous youth
Starts forth, and pants the steep ascent to climb;
Nor heeds the warning, solemn voice of Truth,
Nor Wisdom's hoarylocks, and looks sublime.

From shore to shore, from Iceland's frozen coast,
Where Hecla blazes 'mid eternal snows,
To where their sands the sons of Afric' boast,
Wealth's wand'ring votary still fearless goes.

Swift o'er the wave his bark securely glides,
While prosperous winds inflate his ample sail;
The gentle billows wash the vessel's sides,
And Hope, triumphant, guides the swelling gale.

But lo! dim clouds obscure the azure skies!
The winds increase, and all a storm presage—
Driv'n by the gust, the bark impetuous flies,
And cracking cordage owns the tempest's rage.

Untimely Night surrounds the dreary scene,
All Nature seems involv'd in midnight gloom;
The vivid lightnings flash, each pause between,
Displays the horrors of this yawning tomb!

Loud howl the wandering demons of the deep,
As round they flit, expectant of their prey!
Cold streams of horror down his forehead creep,
And fell Despair usurps her darken'd sway.

At length, o'erpower'd, the bark admits the wave,
The billows wild rush o'er the parting side—
His golden god extends no arm to save
His constant vot'ry, from the 'whelming tide!

Night's lonely power beholds her victim tost
On stormy waves, 'mid ocean's wildest roar;
(Life's budding flowers, nipp'd by untimely frost,)
He, struggling, sinks:—and sinks to rise no more!

Loud yell'd the demons, as the closing wave
Ingulf'd the wanderer in its cold embrace;
The furious whirlwinds round him, eddying, rave,
And the slight traces of his path erase.

Here no destructive genius of the storm
Disturbs *thy* visions with old Ocean's roar;
Here blooming Health displays her smiling form,
And Nature opens all her varied store.

The seasons, as they pass serenely by,
Are only notic'd by the sweets they bring;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, wing'd by Pleasure, fly,
And Winter yields to renovated Spring!

Still may thy brows the wreath of Joy surround,
Still Hope illume thy pleasurable way!
May Peace, where'er thou dwell'st, be ever found,
And Wisdom cheer thee with her steady ray.

LYSANDER.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Simon Wastell, a poet of the fifteenth century, was a native of Westmoreland, and according to the notice recorded of him by the elegant ELLIS, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards was master of the free school at Northampton. How well he profited by the one, and deserved the other, may be seen in the subseqnent stanzas from an ancient book, published in 1629, entitled 'Microbiblion.']

UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold qualms, and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find,
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon that face,
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think, that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must:
I see the sentence eke, that saith
'Remember, man, that thou art dust;'
But yet, alas! but seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die.

Continually, at my bed's head,
An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell,
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well:
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown, which I do use to wear,
The knife, wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and crazy chair,
Which is my only usual seat,
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that all must die.

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way,
O grant me grace, O God, that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

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